THE WOMEN AT TUSKEGEE

HOW THEY ARE TAUGHT TO WORK AT THIS INSTITUTION.

Interesting Facts and Incidents Told by a Close Observer—Wide-Spreading Influence.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

TUSKEGEE, Aug. 23.—I have been spending a week here at Tuskegee, Ala., studying the work of the great colored school which Booker T. Washington has built up for the training of the young men and women of his race. While Mr. Washington does not undervalue mental training, he believes that in the present condition of the negro race it greatly needs industrial training, and therefore plans the work of the school here so as to have education of the hands receive as much attention as that of the head.

Mr. Washington came here in 1881, not long after he graduated from Hampton, and started a school here with thirty pupils of various ages gathered into an old abandoned church which was little more than a shanty, and in such poor repair that when it rained a scholar had to hold an umbrella over the teacher to protect him from the water coming through the leaky roof. Now the school has forty-four buildings and a considerable amount of land, and each year instructs over a thousand students. All of the teachers—nearly a hundred in number—and every one connected with the schooi, residing here, is colored. The building up of the school is due to Mr. Washington's efforts, and he raises each year a great part of the money necessary to carry on the school.

There are about four hundred young women among the students each year. They come, as a general thing, from the back country of the "black belt," off small plantations, and a great many of them have gone barefooted and bareheaded all their lives, and have learned to do no work unles it is to hoe cotton and chop weeds. Education for them means a great deal besides books. The majority of them are so poor that they cannot afford to pay even the small sum for board and tuition which the school charges, and so they are taken for the first year or two as "work students;" that is, they work through the day at some occupation or trade, and go to school two hours in the evening. The school allows them a sum for each day's work according to their ability. By the end of the first year or two they have accumulated in this way a sufficient surplus so that they can become "day students" for the rest of the time they are to stay here, usually about four years, and at the same time they have learned to work.

MANY THINGS LEARNED.

In this way they learn general housework—cooking, sewing, millinery, tailoring, nursing, dairy work and laundry work. I happened to be in the laundry one morning to get some clothes being done up there for me, and the young colored woman in charge took me over the building. The laundry is in a substantial brick building, erected, like all those here, by men students as a part of their industrial training. It is fitted with steam machinery of the most improved patterns. Forty young women work there all of the time, doing all of the laundry work for the entire school—about fifteen hundred persons. They are all "work students," and all remain in the laundry at least a year. Some have graduated and gone to manage similar establishments in other places. Many who have not graduated are able to make a good living by what they have learned. The young woman in charge told me of many cases like that of one girl, who, when the term closed one spring, had to borrow money even to get home with. During the long summer vacation, in the town where her parents lived, she found herself able by laundry work—all of which she had learned in one year at the school—to pay up what she owed and save enough to come back here and pay her way through a part of the coming year.

In addition to these branches of indoor work taught the girls here, classes of young women now have instruction each year in poultry raising, market gardening, bee keeping, horticulture and the care of lawns and flower beds. This does not mean that they have merely theoretical instruction. They do practical work. The school has a large modern poultry house, with large yards, in which are kept flocks of turkeys, geese, ducks and hens. The girls take all the care of these, even to whitewashing the house itself. In the same way they cultivate gardens, and care for the fifty swarms of bees which the school owns, and care for the lawns. In this warm, southern climate, in which the greater part of these young women will live after they leave school, Mr. Washington believes that they can do such work as this with profit and with pleasure and benefit to themselves.

UNDER MRS. WASHINGTON.

The industrial work for girls here is in charge of Mrs. Booker T. Washington, who is a great help to her husband in the management of the school. Mrs. Washington has a good voice, and is an experienced speaker. She is a fine-looking woman, and has a charming personality. I happened to be standing on the steps of a church in Charleston, S. C., one day when Mrs. Washington, who had been addressing an audience of colored women there, came out. Among others waiting for her was a plump, old colored auntie, who improved the opportunity to pat her on the back, approvingly, and say: "Honey, you's all right; jes' go ahead."

Mrs. Washington is greatly interested in the wives of the small negro farmers in the South. She is a very practical worker, and has many undertakings like her Saturday Mothers' Meeting here at Tuskegee. On Saturday the people who live in the country around a town like Tuskegee always come to town to "shop." The whole family comes, and generally stays all day, or at least till the afternoon. While the man of the family is loitering about the stores or the square, the women have to hang about as best they can. Mrs. Washington decided to try to make their waiting time pleasant and profitable; so she rented two rooms in town, and fitted them up as sitting rooms, pleasant and attractive. Either she herself or some of the women teachers from Tuskegee Institute are always present to act as hostess to entertain the visitors. The rooms have proved so attractive that now often as many as a hundred women find their way there of a Saturday afternoon. A sewing class has been formed, and there are little talks on subjects like, "How to Improve the Home Life of the One-room Log Cabins," in which too many of the women live. This year the women have held a little fair, with the results of which they have helped pay for the rent of the room, thus gaining a feeling of real ownership in them.

OUTREACHING INFLUENCE.

Another of Mrs. Washington's projects is the establishing of schools for negro children in many places where they have not before existed. I have visited one such school which she started, on a plantation eight miles from Tuskegee Institute, which was, until then, the nearest school the children could have attended. This is a cotton plantation on which about thirty families live. Over a thousand acres are put in cotton there every year. The owner of the plantation gave Mrs. Washington the use of an abandoned cabin for a school, and she hired a young colored woman, a graduate from the institute, to go as teacher. The teacher moved in with bed and table, broom, mop, coffee-pot and teakettle, for the schoolhouse must be her home as well. She not only teaches the children to read, write and cipher, but she teaches the girls to sew, wash dishes, sweep and make beds, and the boys to split wood, pile it neatly, clean up the yard, and do a dozen such things as they should be done. At first the people on the place paid nothing toward the support of the school, but now they are so pleased with it that they contribute all of the teacher's living, in the shape of wood, which the children bring with them to school. Corn, sweet 'taters, etc., are only a sample of what one day often contributes. They bring so much stuff now that a box has been provided to receive it. This box stands behind the schoolhouse door, and the children, quite of their own accord, have named it "Mrs. Washington."

MAX BENNETT THRASHER.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Religious Value of Tennyson's Great Poem.

Can immortality be proved without Christ's resurrection? Can we have any consistent explanation of the future life if we ignore revelation? This experiment has been attempted by two great thinkers—Plato and Tennyson. Plato's arguments were made two hundred years before Christ, and from the Greek standpoint. Tennyson's are made 1,800 years afterward, and from the standpoint of a culture saturated for centuries with the Christ spirit, so much so that at every point in the "In Memoriam," while Christ's resurrection is ignored, we feel that Tennyson, in all of his forty different moods, was a Christian.

It is very remarkable that in the poem of 2,800 lines the name of Christ appears but four times, twice incidentally to mark a date (Christmas) and twice directly—viz., in Stanza 31:

"Behold a man raised up by Christ,"

and in the bell song:

"Ring in the Christ that is to be."

While our Savior is three times incidentally alluded to without naming Him, He is described directly in only two of the 133 stanzas of the entire poem, once in the celebrated thirty-sixth, beginning with the words:

"Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,"

and again in the immortal proem which reads like St. John's Gospel, and which was added a year or more after the poem itself was completed, and, as it has always seemed to me, by way of apology.

To revelation as a whole there is but one reference, and that very indirect, in these words:

"I murmured as I came along
Of comfort clasped in truth revealed;
And loitered in the master's field,
And darken'd sanctities with song."

Tennyson was extremely critical in punctuation and capital letters. Why, in this verse, he did not use a capital "M" with "Master" has never been explained.

Of course, I do not forget the marvelous description of Lazarus's resurrection and the reference to God upon Mount Sinai, but this cannot properly be said to be an allusion to revelation as a whole.

It is possible that our great poet made these omissions designedly, and that the key to the "In Memoriam" is an attempt wholly to separate Christ's resurrection and revelation from any argument for immortality and to follow Huxley's experiment of "Christianity Minus Christ." Whether this be so or not, it is certain that our poet rose from his initiatory moods of wavering despair as to the future life, and ended in an ascendant and triumphant faith. But this faith rested in no way on our Savior's resurrection, and only indirectly, if at all, on revelation.

Undoubtedly there are twenty-five individual stanzas that distinctly and gloriously add to Christian thought and to our faith in God and the hereafter. My space will only allow me to allude to them. Take the poet's beautiful statement of Christ's incarnation in Stanza 36, beginning with the lines:

"Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,
Deep-seated in our mystic frame;"

or that statement of our religious limitations:

"We have but faith; we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust faith comes from Thee,
That beam in darkness; let it grow."

Or that splendid statement of the difference between knowledge and wisdom in Stanza 114, or the celebrated warning:

"Hold thou the good, define it well,"

and finally those last two lines of the whole poem, the meaning of which no one has yet been able to guess:

"And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

On the other hand, no two lines have ever so heartened doubt and doubters as:

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

The dogma of everlasting punishment got its death when our poet gave to the world Stanza 54, one verse of which is:

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God shall make the pile complete."

Tennyson's lack of faith in revelation is shown unmistakably—is it not?—in these words in Stanza 55:

"I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

Why "lame hands," why "faint trust," if he believed in the Bible or in the Apostles' Creed: "The third day He arose from the dead, and from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead?" How far he got away from the faith of his father and mother is apparent from Stanza 108:

"What find I in the highest place
But mine own phantom chanting hymns?
But on the depths of death there swims
The reflex of a human face."

This, however, is only a repetition of "The Two Voices," written fifteen years before, where he says:

"Here sits he, shaping wings to fly;
His heart forbodes a mystery;
He names the name Eternity."

Perhaps, however, I do him injustice in these last two quotations. I choose rather to think that these were his moods, just as in Stanzas 93 and 95 he distinctly pronounces in favor of modern spiritualism and communication with the dead through the medium of rappings, trance "mediums," etc.

Let us now turn from the individual standpoints to the poem taken as a whole. Tennyson undertook, as it seems to me, an impossible task—to prove immortality with Christ's resurrection left out. At several points he attempts to argue the future life. Notice a couple of these arguments. He says that but for the future life

"Love had not been,
Or been in narrowest working shut,
Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,
Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape
Had bruised the earth or crushed the grape,
And basked and battened in the woods."

Nothing could be more fanciful. That love had not been but for the perception of a future life is disproved by history and human nature. The Greeks did not believe in any consistent comprehensible future life, yet nowhere has love had a more beautiful literature.

Tennyson, in his celebrated 54th and 55th stanzas, attempts to prove the future life, because otherwise this life is not worth living, but the answer to all this is that, magnificent poetry though these lines be, this life is splendidly worth living, notwithstanding all its costs. Immortality is no doubt a glorious addition, but still the proposition is true that life is abundantly worth the living even though death be a wall and not a gate.

Another of Tennyson's arguments, and by far the soundest for the future life, is expressed in Stanza 47:

"That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and, fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall,
Remerging in the general Soul,
Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet."

The substance of this argument is that this world is a kindergarten in which to develop personality, and that it would be an unjustifiable waste if that personality were lost by death. It would take too long to consider the ins and outs of this argument. No doubt Tennyson and George Eliot often talked it over, with the result, in the latter, of "The Choir Invisible," and in the former of "Vastness," "The Ancient Sage" and "Despair."

And yet our great poet comes out right in the end. He closes with a jubilant, triumphant faith in immortality and the restoration of the whole human family. But upon what does he found this belief? He certainly locates the final source of our knowledge of God and the hereafter in the Heart, rather than in the Head. He certainly makes the words "I have felt" our religious ultimatum, and that raises the question, Is our belief in a future life "a truth that never can be proved" and therefore a first and ultimate truth that needs no more proving than the reality of time and space, which philosophy has demonstrated, over and over again, to be a form of thought with no objective reality; or, to state it somewhat differently, is not our Christian belief in immortality the result of nineteen hundred Christian years of teaching, so that we have unconsciously absorbed this great idea and its necessary consequences in our religious thought just as we unconsciously absorb the atoms of medicine given in our sickness and they enter our blood and bring health?

Remember that the "In Memoriam" was written over fifty years ago. It is a most interesting inquiry as to how far it has been modified by the last half century of splendid thought, and especially by the evolutionary theory. Does not the doctrine of the survival of the fittest apply to the next world as well as to this? I am sorry to conclude by adding that, while Tennyson never lost the faith of his fathers, still it was never a robust or a reliable faith. He was an unclear thinker. It would be a bold man that would deny that Tennyson was a Christian, and yet his Christianity had strange moods. One day he wrote "The Higher Pantheism," a poem that would do credit to the acutest Hindoo, and another day he wrote "Despair," which contains some of the most withering lines ever put on paper, and again, in "Vastness" and poems of like character, we have Huxley and the scientific philosophy, while in "The Ancient Sage," supposed to be Tennyson's last thought, we have agnosticism pure and simple. But to do the great poet justice, side by side with these alien and perhaps moody poems we have great declarations of faith like "The Children's Hospital" and "Crossing the Bar," as well as inimitable and innumerable special lines like those on prayer in "The Passing of Arthur" and "Follow Light and Do the Right" in that most puzzling bridge between optimism and pessimism, "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After."

Both Tennyson and George Eliot were brought up in the evangelical faith, and both of them were upset by dogmas of their respective churches and by the scientific philosophy of Spencer and his associates. While George Eliot went completely over to agnosticism, Tennyson retained the faith of his fathers. He was apparently overwhelmed by the mystery and grandeur of the universe, the vastness and cheapness of human life; and, although he wrote such poems as "Vastness," etc., yet, still, how fortunate we are that we are able to say that he wrote lines like these:

"Strong Son of God, immortal love,
Whom we that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove * * *
Forgive * * * forgive * * *
And in thy wisdom make me wise."

D. P. BALDWIN.

Chautauqua, Aug. 24.

THE HEROINE IN ACTION.

She Is a Modern Invention and Not Altogether Agreeable.

New York Mail and Express.

Because, as we suppose, they expect their literary output to live again in a "dramatized version" rather than because they do not know better, some of the romantic novelists have been representing their heroines as doing things that well-behaved young women neither care to do nor get the chance to do. Not to mention others, we note Gilbert Parker's "The Seats of the Mighty," Ouida's "Under Two Flags," Maurice Thompson's "Alice of Old Vincennes" and Charles Major's "When Knighthood Was in Flower." In each of these romances the heroine has more than her share of the work. She literally wears the breeches in Parker's story, and carries the burden of the plot while her sweetheart is in prison. She dons them also in the one Hoosier tale and, to change the figure, takes the bit in her teeth and runs away with the story. She supplies the main motives and the more intimate acts as well as the title of the other Hoosier tale. In the version of Ouida's story, which we had at the Garden Theater last season, she was practically the entire play.

For any justifying precedents for thus reversing the modesty of nature, the novelist must look to the dramatists, rather than to the masters of their own department of fiction. They may find some comfort in the Portia of Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," in the Vila of his "Winter's Tale" and in the Rosalind of his "As You Like It." But they overlook the circumstances under which Shakspeare puts his heroines in doublet and hose. In each case it is in a frankly fanciful tale, a case of "as you like it" rather than as it is; it is not the Bard of Avon writing history or life, but weaving dreams. The trouble with constructing a story with one eye squinting toward the stage is that the stage requires action, and in a melodrama—and all the historical novels fall into that form—violent action. The consequence is that the heroine is only womanly by the novelist's say-so; by her acts and impulses she is a man in petticoats, and it is only natural that sometimes she kicks them off. Her sphere is not the feminine sphere of influence. Her relation to her sweetheart cannot be summed up in the concluding line of "The Princess," "Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me." She must be up and doing.

We rather prefer the ways of the old story-tellers of chivalry. What action there was in their tales! What breaking of heads, what clanging of iron, what pangs and thrills! But they left the plotting and fighting to the knights. My lady's bright eyes "rained influence," but her hands did not shower blows. Even in Mark Twain's "Connecticut Yankee," the chief aid, Alisande, was able to give her knight in his quest from Arthur's court was in filling his helmet with water and pouring it down the inside of his armor after a hot ride. In "Don Quixote" the ingenious Duleinea was scarcely aware of her knight's existence, much less a partner of his sorry jaunts. We think the old story-tellers had a better idea of woman's sphere than the new ones; the gentle dames of chivalry please more than the woman who does things. If only she could do those piquant and dashing feats and still preserve her feminine charms! But it does not work out that way in real life. If anybody doubts it, let him look over the female baseball nines, or the mountain "lady guides" that he sees at the sportsmen's shows, or the champion woman shots of the various wild West shows. The real woman of action, of the modern romance, is typified not by Rosalind, but by Carrie Nation.

Fragment.

It takes two for a kiss,
Only one for a sigh;
Twain by twain we marry,
One by one we die.

Joy is a partnership,
Grief weeps alone;
Many guests had Cana,
Gethsemane had one.

—Frederick Lawrence Knowles.

Wait till you see Mrs. Austin.

FOUR SERIOUS PROBLEMS

WHICH THE GREAT REPUBLIC MUST PREPARE TO SOLVE.

The Suffrage, Cheap Transportation, Distribution of Wealth, and Maintenance of Law and Order.

The American people have four hard problems to solve:

I. Popular, representative government, with justice to all races of men in the United States and its dependencies.

II. Cheap, swift, safe and convenient transportation.

III. The production and distribution of wealth.

IV. The security of life and property by maintenance of law and order.

The Spanish war added new difficulties to the first problem, one already exceedingly difficult. The race question, with us, is as old as the thirteen States with which the Union began, for in 1776 there were free negroes in every State, and in one Southern State (North Carolina), and three Northern (Massachusetts, New Hampshire and New Jersey), they had the constitutional right to vote. Vermont granted the right. New York also, under a property qualification, and Tennessee for over thirteen years suffered them to vote, withdrawing the privilege in 1834, as did North Carolina in 1835. Thus matters stood till 1867-8, when Congress by the reconstruction acts gave the negro the suffrage in the late Confederate States, and admitted Nebraska (1867) on condition that its Constitution should allow the negro to vote. Three years later (1870) the fifteenth amendment was adopted, making it unlawful for the United States or any State to deny the right to vote on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude. Prior to this two Southern States, by the letter of their constitutions, had suffered the negro to vote, but had by revision made the exercise of the privilege the exclusive right of white men. New Jersey did the same. In every other State, except New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont and New York, the negro was excluded from voting, and New York, in 1846 and again in 1868, refused to admit him to the suffrage on the same terms as the white man. The negro was enfranchised in 1868, by act of Congress, in the late Confederate States, and, with other races, was included under the fifteenth amendment, a national act, in 1870. The right to vote is a right conferred exclusively by a State. The Constitution of the United States forbids discrimination on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

RESTRICTING SUFFRAGE.

Since 1890 a more or less successful effort has been made by the people of Mississippi (1890), South Carolina (1895), Louisiana (1898) and North Carolina (1900) to restrict negro suffrage, and a like effort is at present making in Alabama and Virginia. Thus the problem of negro suffrage is portentous at the opening of the new century. Its solution, with the open purpose of restriction of the right of the negro to vote, is likely to be attempted by other Southern States having large negro population. The problem is national, and has been essentially national from the first. It must be solved as a national problem. Congress, in 1867-8, conferred the suffrage on the negro "as an act of justice and military necessity." It acted under the powers conferred by the Constitution, with the assured purpose of applying the fundamental principles of the Republic. The exercise of the suffrage by the negro, like its exercise by the white man, was and is only a means to an end—familiar to all Americans in the language of the comprehensive preamble to our national Constitution—the brief, clear and expressive embodiment of our system of government. The so-called "right to vote" is only a high privilege granted—not a "natural-born" right. Therefore its exercise may be limited by the State. The difficulty in solving this portion of the "race problem" is the greater, because, though a national problem, it is not apportioned evenly over the country. The Northern States are practically mere on-lookers, excepting as their interests are affected by congressional legislation. If the negro vote be eliminated at the South, the basis of Southern representation in Congress will be proportionately modified, so that a comparatively small white population at the South will have as great or greater representation in Congress than an equal or larger population at the North. By the terms "South" and "North," used in this sense, must be understood States which did or did not succeed in excluding or practically eliminating the negro vote.

Justice to the negro, if it means his treatment as a voter, means equal political treatment with the white race, unless the American people purpose to abandon the fundamental doctrine of equal rights for all men. Every State has the right and the power to fix the conditions on which the suffrage may be exercised. The great suffrage (racial) problem with us is to confer the privilege of voting so that neither the State nor the Nation shall suffer. This may mean a limited or universal suffrage. The amount or extent of the right to vote at any time is the problem which, in one form or another, has confronted the American people since 1776. It remains our most difficult problem.

TRANSPORTATION AND WEALTH.

II. The problem of cheap, swift, safe and convenient transportation of persons and things might seem, at first thought, already solved by us as a people, for as a nation we glory in our triumphs with the economies of trade and travel. But every producer knows that the problem has been only partially solved. In the distribution of our various productions the factor of transportation is yet paramount. There is a market at every man's door. The producer wants to reach that market. The network of trolley lines now being woven over the country gives a hint of further solution of the problem. Briefly expressed, the problem is to acquire the use of cheap and cheaper motive power, by land and water. This is one of the great economic problems of the new century. Our immense national domain offers a home for several hundred million souls. At the rate of decennial increase made during the nineteenth century the population of the United States and its dependencies will be at least five hundred millions by 1950. This means the use of systems of transportation of the highest efficiency—or an economic condition approaching that of China. The outlook to-day is not that of another East here in the West. No present-day problem is receiving profounder study than that of transportation, cheap, safe, convenient and swift.

III. The incentive to the production of wealth is a passion permanent in the human heart. The great problem is now not of production, but of distribution. This means the social problem. At present, as in the past, the so-called wealth of the world is in the hands of the few. While the aggregate wealth of the many is very great, its effectiveness as a factor in society is incomparably less than the effectiveness of the aggregate wealth of the few. The problem is not one of even distribution per capita. It is not that every human being shall have just as much and no more than every other human being. The problem is one of an unrestricted current of wealth, a free flow of opportunities and uses. This may sound a little vague. The problem is part of several other problems; some economic, as, for instance, transportation; some political, as the franchise or taxation. But, whatever the setting of the problem, it is one of the chief ones, perhaps the chiefest one in the lives of most men. Because of its magnitude and comprehension it becomes a public problem, and, therefore, a question involving the public business, which is another name for government. It is a problem which the people boldly hand over to legislatures, congresses and city councils. It is sometimes strangely performed, as recently in the public franchises of Philadelphia. The seriousness of the problem is merely suggested by the fact that America before the close of the twentieth century will contain many of the largest and richest cities in the world. We are certain to be a people dwelling in vast towns. As a civil problem, as a municipal problem, as an individual problem, the problem of the production and distribution of wealth is as serious and difficult as any which confronts the American people.

HARDEST OF ALL.

IV. But what of the problem of the maintenance of law and order and the adequate protection of life and property in every American community? This, I take it, is the hardest problem of all which confronts us. Where in America to-day are life and property absolutely safe? What community, old or new, east, west, north or south, is free from danger? Is the morals, or, in plain English, morality, private and public, of the type demanded for the safety, happiness and perpetuity of a great nation? What of the old-fashioned honesty (it was always "old-fashioned")? Must we not confess that all our social and national evils flow from our feeble maintenance of law and order and our inadequate protection of life and property? Let us at least be honest, and not blame the wrong man or charge our evils to the wrong account.

The suffrage question, the race question, the transportation question, the question of capital and labor all fade in the presence of the question of morality, private and public, and morality means the maintenance of law and order and the protection of life and property. This solved, all the others are solved. This unsolved, all the others are unsolved. No white man who is sane and sound will discriminate against a sane, sound black man simply because he is black. An industrious, intelligent negro, permanently and actively possessed of moral qualities, will be as exempt from interference, political or economic, as any other citizen. The negro has the suffrage problem in his own hands. The right to vote, like every other right or privilege, has its price. The negro, like the white man, must pay for it. Science and industry are solving the question of transportation. The problems of the production and distribution of wealth and of the security of life and property are economic problems of an essentially moral kind. The hope of their solution lies in the confidence that the grinding necessities of life, its hard experience and the capacity of men, slowly but surely evolve the betterment of the race. The great moral problems which confront us will undoubtedly, in one form or another, puzzle our posterity when the twentieth century is ancient history.

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DID NOT PLEASE HUSBAND.

How the Wife Was Encouraged to Become an Authoress.

New York Tribune.

There was not the slightest doubt about it; something had happened. He knew it as soon as he entered the flat. It was written all over his wife's face and he felt it in the kiss she left on his cheek. What it was he didn't know. Perhaps the baby had another tooth; perhaps it was a choice bit of gossip about one of the score of neighbors who lived under the same apartment house roof and against whom they sometimes brushed in the elevator; perhaps, worst of all, her mother, by law made his, was coming to pay them a visit.

He knew the suspense would not be long. His wife looked so eager that he wondered why she hadn't telephoned.

"Guess what has happened?" she said before he was fairly inside the flat.

"You've found a new recipe for making salad?"

"John, quit joking and guess right."

"You have at last succeeded in baking bread that we can eat," was his second guess, "I congratulate you, dearest."

"If you don't quit teasing me, John, I'll make you wait till after dinner. I'm never going to try to cook any more again."

"Well, out with it! What's the sensation?"

"It's almost too good to be true," she said by way of a fourth or fifth preface. "I've had a story printed in a real magazine."

The husband tried hard to look pleased. "I suppose you'll buy a steam yacht with the money," he said, for he was a hard-working bookkeeper and knew little about "literature."

"Months and months ago a woman called on me. She was smartly dressed and talked in an easy way, just as if she liked it or had had long practice."

"'You would like to be an authoress, would you not?' she asked.

"I told her that I had tried, but that the magazine editors didn't seem to think much of the beautiful stories I sent them. I told her that my collection of refusal slips was about complete, and that I had decided to quit writing and learn to cook."

"I wish you would quit," interrupted the husband.

"Then she made me the nicest little speech. 'Don't you do it,' she said. 'We have just established a literary clearing house and have connections with every magazine in the country. You probably write good stories, but you don't send them to the right people at the right time. We can help you.'

"Then she said they would take my stories and have them read for about $1.50 each. When they are published she said they would take one-fifth of the money and give me the rest. She wanted to see one of the stories I had already written and try to sell it. She said each editor had an individual taste—whatever that is—which had to be satisfied, and that they knew the taste of every editor. So I gave her a story and the money to pay for reading."

"Well!" exclaimed the husband.

"Well, to-day, in the mail, I got a copy of ——'s Magaine, and there was my name as big as life, and after it the story."

Whereupon she produced the said magazine, and husband had to read the story from beginning to end.

"How did she find out you wanted to write?" he demanded.

"I asked her about that, and she told me, though it was a trade secret. They hire some one in all the big magazine offices to send them the names of people who contribute manuscripts. In one place it is the first reader, in another the boy who sends back the rejected stories, in the third the girl who opens the mail. She said there are thousands of men and women in New York who are trying to write stories, and that her company is going to visit them all."

"I suppose you'll go back to writing again," he said.

"Of course I will," she said. "It's easy after you get your first story printed."

"I wish I had that woman here now," said the husband, under his breath, and he strove to forget the added trouble which had fallen on his shoulders by burying himself in a bloodthirsty evening extra.

En Route.

On billows of blue—with the wind "off shore"
And the strings of her heart aplay,
The answering tone
Is a mother's moan,
From the depths of a minor monotone
A moan—and it's miles away.

Abreast of the wave—with hope ahoy
And a faith that is ne'er astray,
For hearts will roam—
But back at the home
A soul leans out to a speck on the foam,
A speck—and it's miles away.

On the dimpling bay—with the wind "in shore,"
And the strings of her heart aplay
The answering strain
Is "Home again,"
The twinkling lights of the port grow plain,
The port—but a mile away.

Brazil, Ind. —C. B. Greenough.